



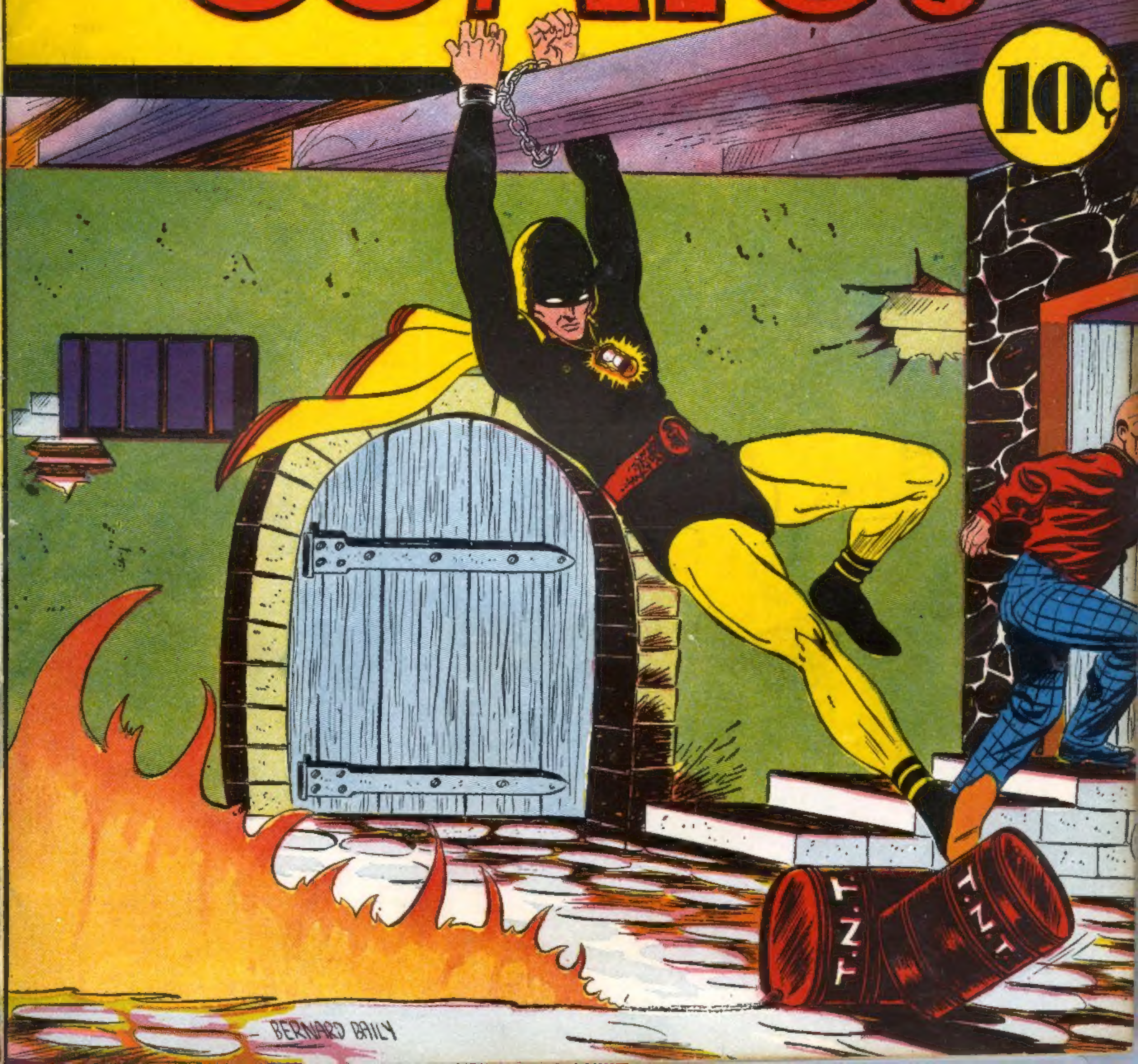
No. 50



Adventure COMICS

MAY

10¢



BERNARD BAILY



TICK-TOCK TYLER

THE

HOUR-MAN

BY

BERNARD BAILY

ALREADY THE NAME OF 'TICK-TOCK TYLER, THE HOUR-MAN' HAS BECOME FOR THE LAWLESS A NAME TO FEAR; FOR THE LAW-ABIDING A NAME TO BE LOVED AND RESPECTED... YET NEITHER HIS MANY FRIENDS OR HIS MANY FOES KNOW THAT THE HOUR-MAN IS ACTUALLY A MEEK, MILD CHEMIST NAMED REX TYLER. NOR DO THEY KNOW THAT THROUGH HIS REMARKABLE DISCOVERY OF MIRACLO, HE HAS FOR ONE HOUR ONLY STRENGTH AND RESOURCEFULNESS SUCH AS FEW HUMAN BEINGS HAVE EVER POSSESSED... THIS HAS MADE HIM A CHAMPION TO THE OPPRESSED...

THE SCOUNDRELS!
THIS IS THE SORT
OF TRICK THEY'D
TRY!



...and this gambler, named
Bink Bates, says that unless
I sell him a half interest
in my horse, Blue Bell, who
is entered in the Manhattan
Derby, neither the horse nor
I will ever see Kentucky
again.

Please help me fight
these forces of evil. They
are a blot on the name of
the Sport of Kings.

Sincerely,
James Carren
Biltmore Hotel

AT THE BILTMORE

MR. TYLER ASKED
ME TO GET SOME
INFORMATION FROM
YOU, MR. CARREN!

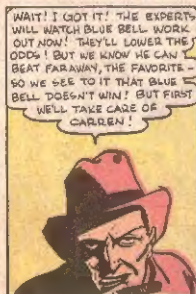
THEN HE'LL
HELP ME FIGHT
THESE
GANGSTERS?

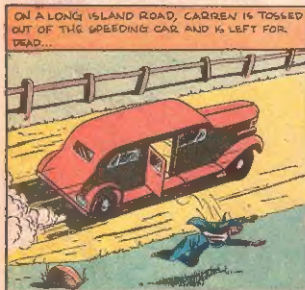


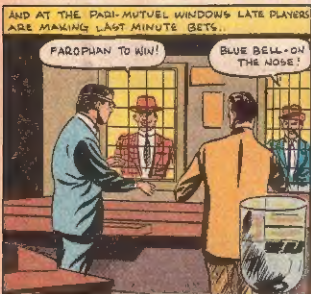
I'M SURE HE WILL! RACING
WHEN RUN HONESTLY IS
TRULY THE SPORT OF KINGS!
WHEN RUN DISHONESTLY IT
BECOMES A BLEMISH ON THE
FACE OF ALL SPORTS!

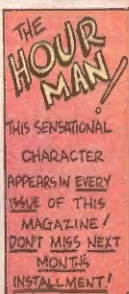
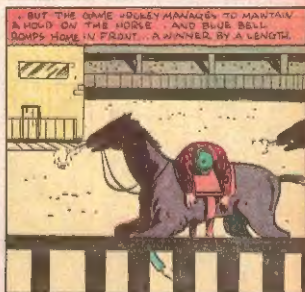












WESThrills

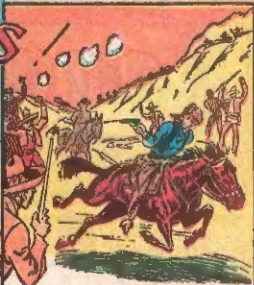


SELMAN'S RECORD !

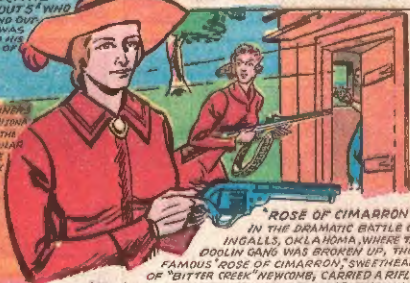
JOHN SELMAN, ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF THE GUN FIGHTING LAWYERS OF THE OLD WEST. AS A YOUNG OFFICER HE HEADED "THE SELMAN SCOUTS" WHO WERE FEARED BY RUSTLERS AND OUTLAWS OF LINCOLN COUNTY. HE WAS A VETERAN OF THE CIVIL WAR AND HIS RECORD INCLUDES THE KILLING OF SEVEN OUTLAWS IN ONE FIGHT.

UNUSUAL MINING ADVENTURE -

DURING 1870 SEVERAL MINERS IN HAVASU CANYON, ARIZONA BUILT A LADDER UP THE FACE OF A PERPENDICULAR CLIFF. SHAFTS WERE DRIVEN INTO THE ROCK SIDE AND SILVER ORE WAS MINED AND CARRIED UP THIS LADDER. TONS OF ORE WAS TAKEN FROM THIS MINE.



FAMOUS WESTERN BATTLES SAM HOUSTON, FAMOUS HERO AT JACINTO WHERE 600 MEXICAN FIGHTERS WERE KILLED, OVER 700 PRISONERS TAKEN, AND 200 WERE WOUNDED - PROVED THE DECISIVE BATTLE OF THE CAMPAIGN TO GAIN FREEDOM FOR TEXAS. HOUSTON BECAME PRESIDENT OF THE LONE STAR REPUBLIC. DURING HIS CAREER SAM HOUSTON WAS A CITIZEN OF 4 NATIONS, PRESIDENT OF ONE AND THE GOVERNOR OF TWO STATES!



"ROSE OF CIMARRON"

IN THE DRAMATIC BATTLE OF INGALLS, OKLAHOMA, WHERE THE DOOLIN GANG WAS BROKEN UP, THE FAMOUS "ROSE OF CIMARRON," SWEETHEART OF "BITTER CREEK" NEWCOMB, CARRIED A RIFLE AND AMMUNITION TO HER WOUNDED LOVER, THROUGH A CROSSFIRE OF SINGING LEAD.



THE PONY EXPRESS

THE USUAL LENGTH OF A RIDE FOR THE GALLOPING EXPRESSMAN WAS ABOUT 75 MILES BEFORE A REST WAS TAKEN, AND ON THIS AVERAGE TRIP THREE HORSES WERE USED.

Barry O'Neill

BY
Win

BARRY O'NEILL AND INSPECTOR LE GRAND ARE MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH INTELLIGENCE SERVICE, BATTLING AGAINST FOREIGN SPIES IN THE EMPLOY OF THE ORIENTAL SCOUNDREL... FANG GOW!

SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR NAP, INSPECTOR, BUT WE'VE BEEN ASSIGNED ANOTHER JOB!

EH? WHAT EES EET NOW, BARRY?

THERE'S A SHIPMENT OF BOMBERS COMING IN FROM THE STATES. WE'RE TO SEE THAT THEY REACH VANCY.

HO-HUM--SOUNDS LIKE ROUTINE TO ME, BARRY.

HOWEVER, I SUPPOSE WE HAD BEST GET DOWN TO THE DOCKS AND BE ON DUTY.

RIGHT, INSPECTOR.

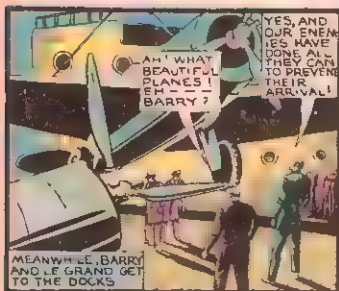
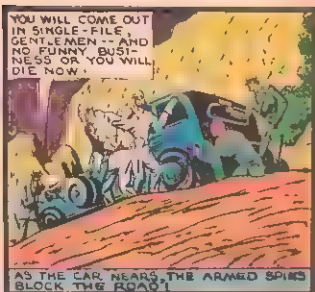
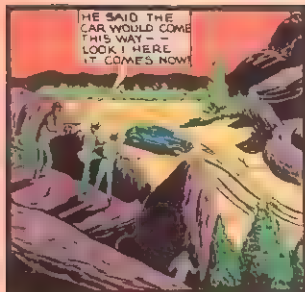
MEANWHILE, DEEP IN HIS HIDEAWAY, BENEATH THE STREETS OF PARIS, FANG GOW SPEAKS TO HIS MEN.

YOU HAVE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS. FOLLOW THEM AND GET THE PLANES TO THOSE WHO HAVE USE FOR THEM!

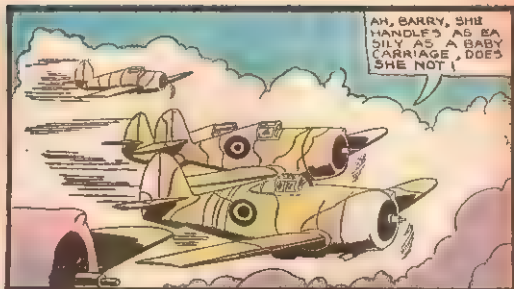
BARRY O'NEILL AND INSPECTOR LE GRAND HAVE CHARGE--IF THEY SHOULD DIE--FANG GOW WILL BE MOST PLEASED!

FROM THE AIRPORT AT VANCY, A CAR OF AVIATORS STARTS FORTH FOR THE DOCKS AT LE HAVRE.

THESE NEW AMERICAN PLANES WILL BE VALUABLE TO FRANCE! I AM ANXIOUS TO FLY ONE!



MEANWHILE
THE 3A
BOMBERS
WING
THEIR
WAY
TOWARD
THE
AIRPORT
AT
VANCY,
THE
DISTRIBUTION
POINT
FOR THE
AIR FORCE.



AH, BARRY, SHE
HANDLES AS EA
SILY AS A BABY
CARRIAGE, DOES
SHE NOT!

THE SUBSTITUTE SPY BUS
DRIVER REPORTS BACK
TO FANG GOW.

ALL IS WELL--
OUR MEN WERE
ACCEPTED AS
THE REAL GOV-
ERNMENT MEN.

GOOD!
THEN THE
PLANES
WILL BE
ACROSS
THE BORDER
BEFORE ANY
ONE KNOWS.



AND PRESENTLY WE
WILL HAVE THE PLEA-
SURE OF SEEING
WHETHER OUR CAP-
TURED FRENCH PI-
LOTS CAN DIE
LIKE REAL
SOLDIERS.



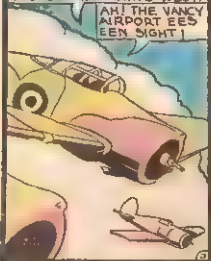
I HAVE A FEELING, IN
SPECTOR, THAT SOME
TRICKERY MAY BE
ATTEMPTED.

RIDICULOUS, MY
FRIEND! WHAT COULD
BE DONE? EVERY-
THING HAS
BEEN ORDER.



FORMATION WILL CHANGE
COURSE TWO POINTS WEST.

AH! THE VANCY
AIRPORT HAS
BEEN SIGHT!



BARRY! THEY DO
NOT OBEY ORDERS!
THEY FLY TO
THE BORDER!

WE'LL LAND
AT THE AIR-
PORT ANYWAY!

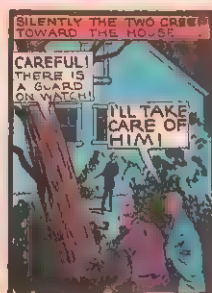
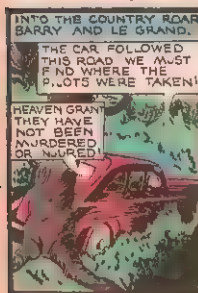
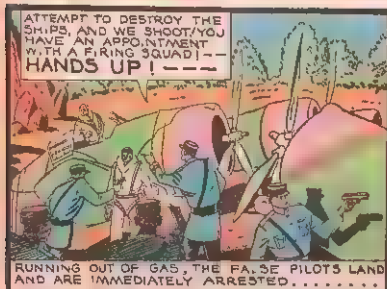
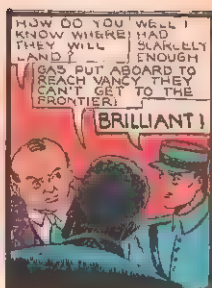


TOO BAD
THESE
PLANES
ARE NOT
YET
ARMED!

YES, WE COULD
HAVE FORCED
THEM TO
ACCOMPANY
US! STILL --
FIVE PLANES
IS A GOOD
CATCH!



IN ONE OF THE ADJOINING
PLANES...



WE MUST GET
H.M. WITHOUT
A SOUND!



NOW TO TEST THE
BRAVERY OF
THESE FRENCH
PILOTS!

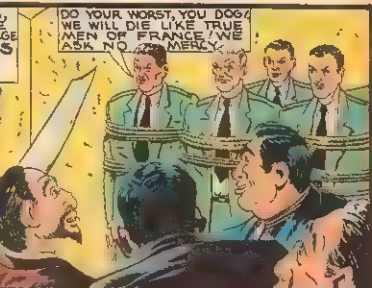


MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE
HOUSE - - -

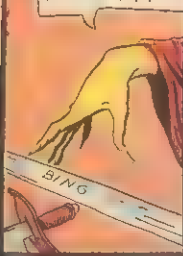
YOU ARE BRAVE SOLDIERS,
AT LEAST SO YOU BELIEVE
WE WILL TEST YOUR COURAGE
YOU SHALL TASTE THIS
BLADE, ONE BY ONE!



DO YOUR WORST, YOU DOGS!
WE WILL DIE LIKE TRUE
MEN OF FRANCE! WE
ASK NO MERCY!

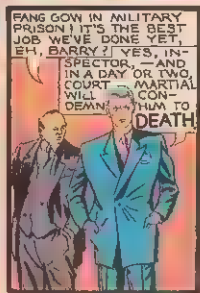
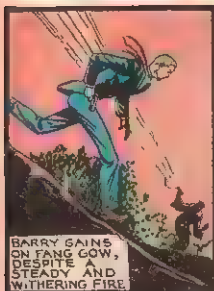
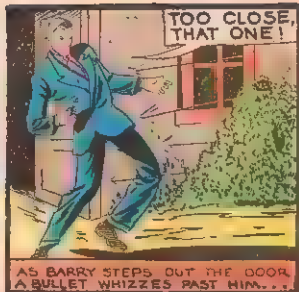
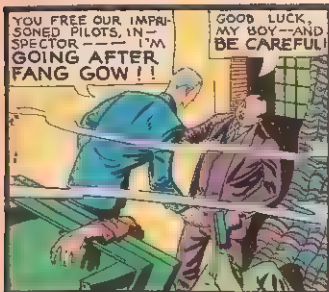


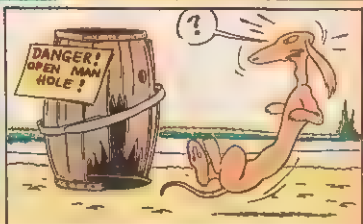
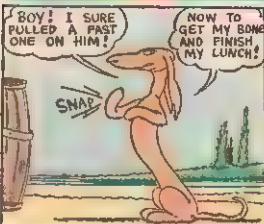
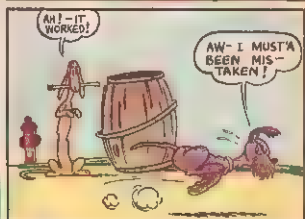
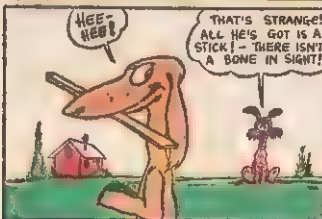
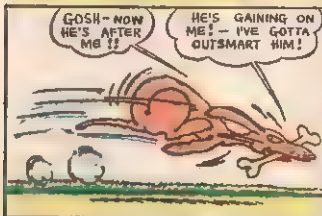
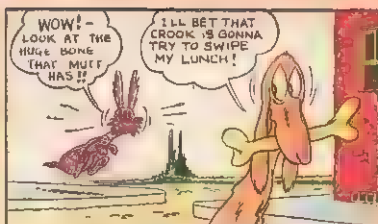
THEN PREPARE
TO DIE !!!



THEY WILL
NEVER
GET
ME!







Canal Zone

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48 Page Collectors Handbook,
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ADVENTURE Stamp Page

In commemoration of the first anniversary of the Pan American Exposition, the first of a series of stamps is being issued. The basic design of the four stamps is a presentation of the flags of the United States flanking an outline map of the Americas. Each stamp also carries the name of a Pan American port of origin. George Washington is the subject of the first stamp, and the others are of Francisco Morazan and Cienfuegos del Valle.

Two new values portraying the Sun Yat Sen have been added to China's postal roster. These new stamps are a 2 cent olive green and a \$10 olive and purple. A floral design appears at each side of the portrait in the space where columns were featured in the earlier stamps honoring the Chinese statesman.

STAMP OUTFIT FREE!!

300 DIFFERENT 9c

 120 STAMPS FOR 5c


Wright 9-Port Wonder Collection
 EARN CASH! EARN STAMPS!
 MORTIMER ELLIS

CORONATION FREE!

 NEW GUINEA AIRMAIL

FREE!! AUSTRIA WAR SET

 FREE!!

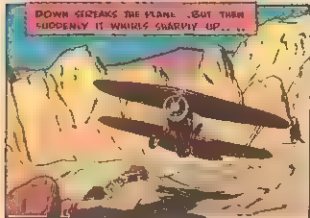
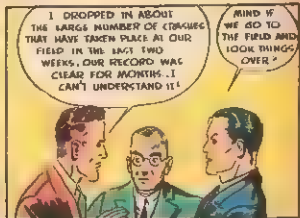
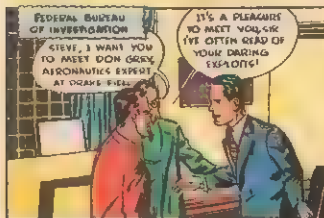
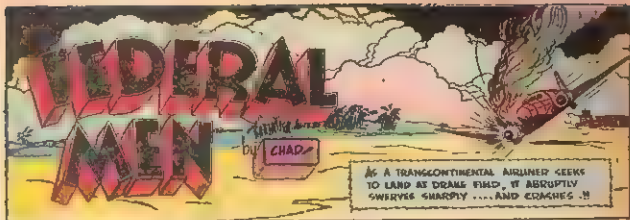
40 DIPP LARGE

 40

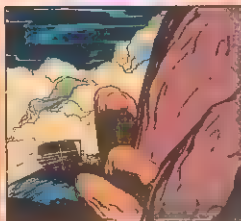
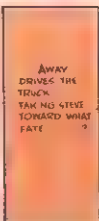
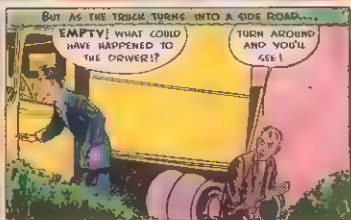
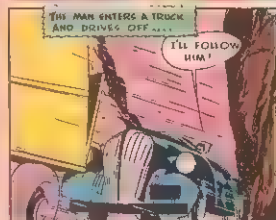
RUSSIAN SOWER

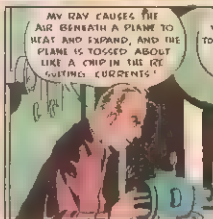
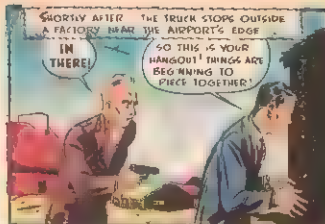
 RUSSIAN SOWER

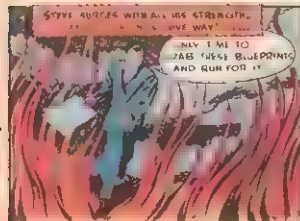
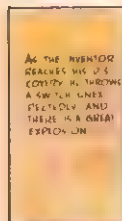
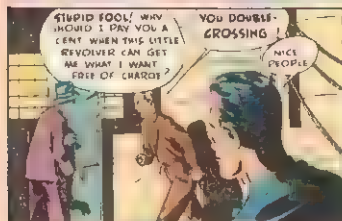
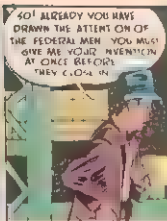
Stamps AIRMAIL TRAILER from Mozambique on. Hard to get. NORTH BORNEO is the beauty of BIRTH here almost stamps (missing from most collections). ALSO a set of 17 S stamps more than 50 years old, a WATERMARK LEFT TR with various lines how to use it and our Pan Am JUNE 15th PA KET from such countries as Belgium, White Fish, Port au Prince, Guyana, Para, Mexico, Sudan, etc. in all of the old handbooks, bookkeepers, not to mention a set of 100000 stamps—this big book with ALL the famous stamps is ABSOLUTELY FREE to approval applicants sending 10 postage! WRITE TODAY!

Midwest Stamp Co., Dept. J, Midwest 31st, Bldg., N. Y.









JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB

Conducted By STEVE CARSON

HELLO again, Members!

This month I want to talk to you about the things boys and girls should—and should not—do to aid in the never-ending War on Crime.

As I've said many times before, the surest way to lessen the forces of the underworld is to do our own very best to grow up into honest, upright men and women, and also to do our best to influence our friends to develop in the same way. No one can deny the fact that if every boy and girl in the country were to grow up into the sort of citizen he or she should be, there could not possibly be any crime or wrong-doing in our generation. That's why I'm particularly proud of our JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB

—because I know that every one of us is striving to be the right sort of person.

It is a sad fact, but nonetheless true, that there are still many criminals in his country of ours—a country so great and wonderful that one would imagine that every person within its borders would be so proud of his citizenship that nothing on earth could make him break the country's laws. There is a term which has been applied to such lawbreakers: Mad Dogs; and surely they *must* be mad!

Example is a great force for good. If you members do as you should do at all times, at school and at play, the example of your good conduct can not help but impress itself upon others.

And, if there is a boy or girl in your "circle" who is not quite everything he or she should be, it often does a world of good for the others to sort of talk things over with the culprit. If the culprit will not listen to reason, it is not a bad idea to use the boycott system. If the culprit is suddenly cut off from all the activities of the other boys and girls, he may very well experience a change of heart and conduct himself in such a manner that the others will again be glad to take him back into the fold.

Now let's have a word to say about grown-up wrong-doers, and what you can do about them. If you are reasonably certain that somebody you know is involved in a criminal activity, and if you have to have some evidence to point to that fact, the thing to do is to report the matter to the police! They'll know whether it's a matter for them or for the Federal Men, and you can rely on them to act accordingly. But under no circumstances should a boy or girl deliberately put himself or herself into danger trying to apprehend a criminal. The police and Federal forces are the agencies to take care of that sort of thing, and all they ask of the citizens of the country is co-operation.

Yours for Law and Order!

STEVE CARSON

Here's Your Chance to Join the Junior FEDERAL MEN Club

Steve Carson,
J F M C Headquarters,
480 Lexington Ave., New York City

Dear Steve—

Please enlist me as a member of your JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB. I want to help you promote Law and Order. Enclosed is 10 cents, for which please send me my Badge, Certificate and Operator's Number.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City and State _____

FANTASTIC FACTS



THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO HUGE MAMMOTHS WERE TRAPPED IN THE TREACHEROUS BOGS OF SIBERIA. TODAY THEY ARE FOUND TO BE PERFECTLY PRESERVED BY THE ICE, AND THEIR TUSKS ARE OF GREAT COMMERCIAL VALUE.....



THE WOODEN SHOES OF THE DUTCH LAST AS LONG AS FIFTY YEARS!

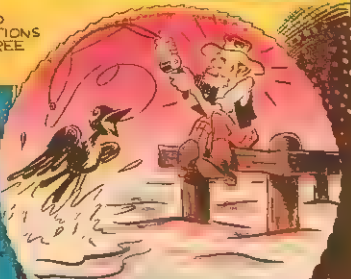


PANAMA HAD FIFTY REVOLUTIONS IN FIFTY-THREE YEARS!

JUST RECENTLY THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH PAINTED THE DOORS OF THEIR HOUSE BLUE IF THEY HAD AN UNWED DAUGHTER!




NOT
A MAN
IN
SIGHT!

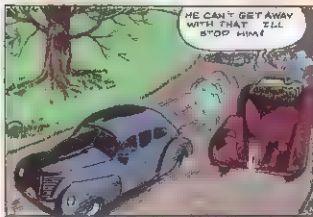


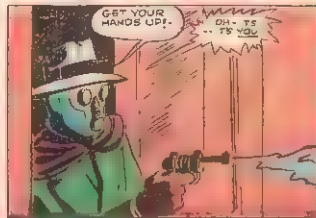
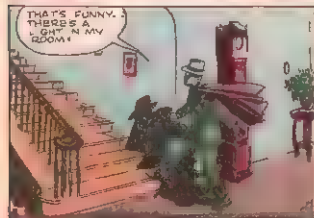
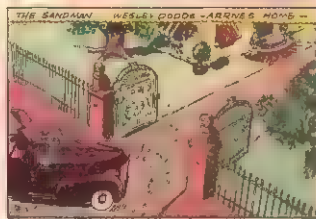
THE OCEAN-DIVING GANNETS, SEA-BIRDS, HAVE BEEN CAUGHT IN FISHERMAN'S NETS 90 FEET UNDER WATER.

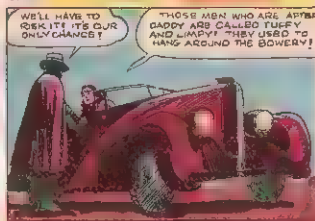
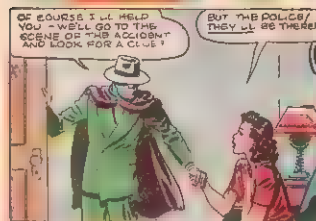
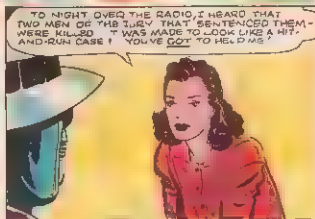
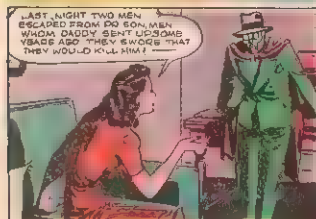
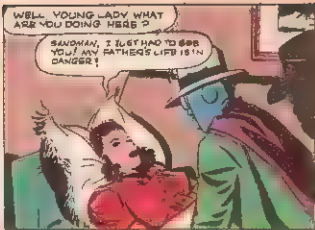
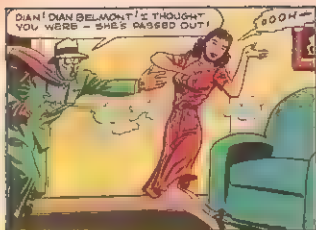
THE SANDMAN

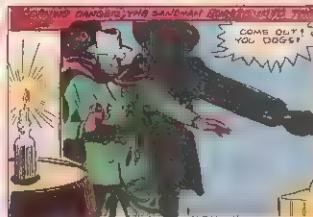
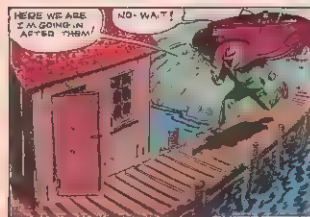
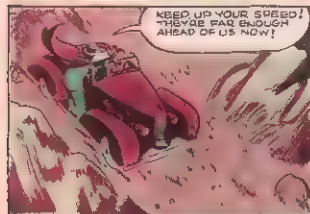
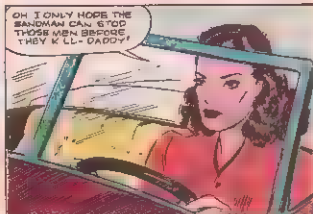
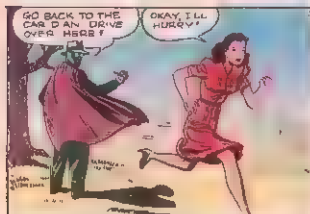
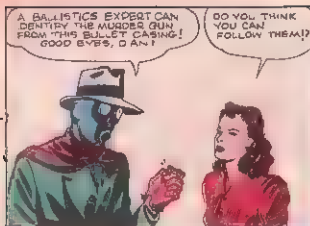


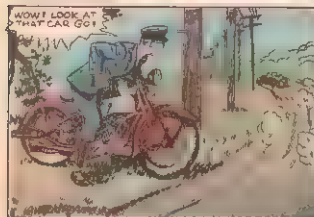
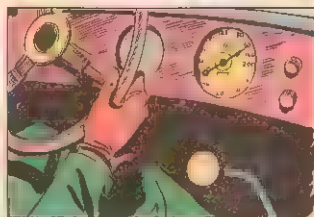
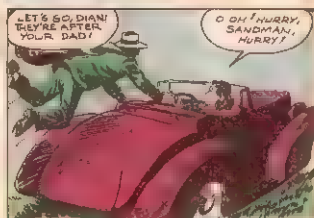
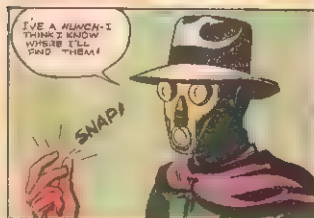
THE SANDMAN HAS ACCOMPLISHED DEEDS THAT
 OTHERS HAVE BEEN TOO SCARED TO
 DO. TODAY - ALL THIS GOES ABOUT TRUE
 A WORLD HANDLED BY CRIME

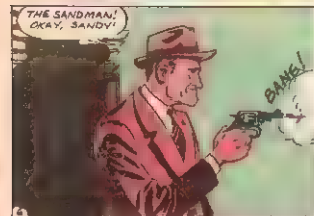
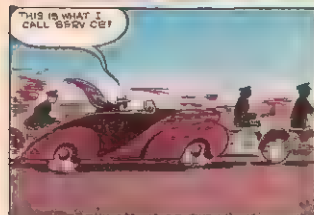
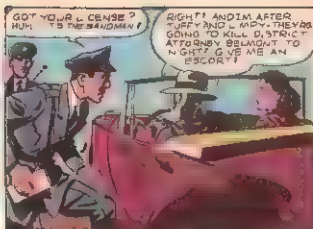


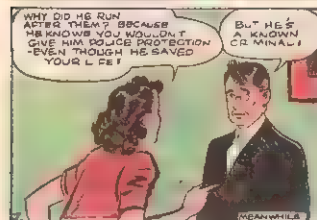


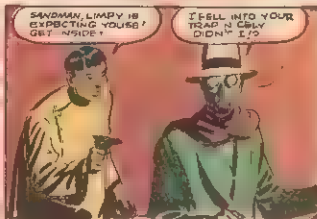
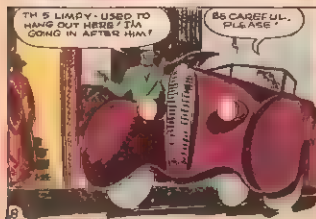
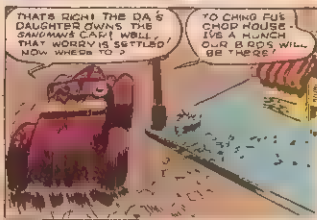
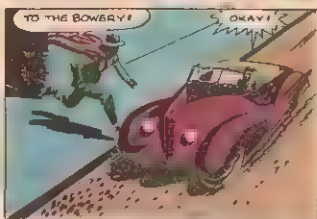
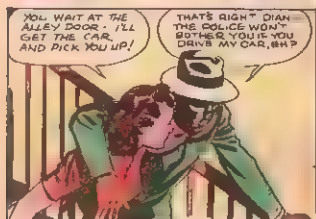


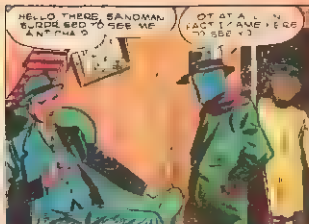
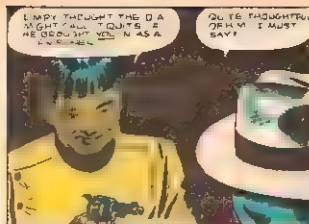


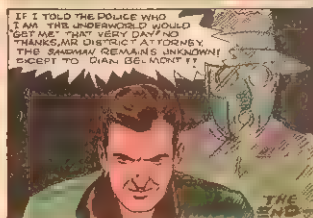
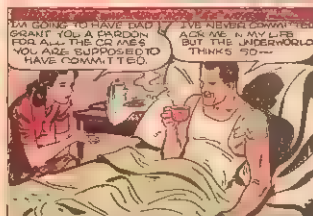
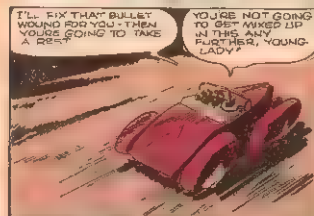
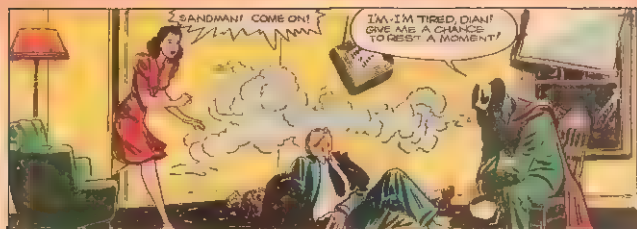














ADVENTURE COMICS MONTHLY BOOK REVIEW

No. 2 The Scarlet Pimpernel by BARONE ORZY

ALL London talked of the gallant mysterious "Scarlet Pimpernel" who almost daily snatched innocent victims from a horrible death on the Guillotine. He was a master of disguise. The French never knew whether to look for an old woman, a carpenter, a nobleman or a cripple.

They were discussing him now at Lord Grenville's ball in London. Sir Percy Blakeney, tall, handsome aristocrat with lazy blue eyes and a sly laugh, was amusing the guests with impromptu doggerel.

Percy's beautiful French wife, Marguerite, regarded her husband sorrowfully. She despised his lazy nature and ridiculous mannerisms. He had been so different a year ago when first they were married. Marguerite in a careless moment had uttered a few words in her native France which, despite her efforts to avert the tragedy, resulted in the execution of a marquis and all his family by the Republic.

Now something else was bothering Marguerite. Chauvelin, agent of the French government, was here at the ball. His mission was to find the Scarlet Pimpernel, and he demanded Marguerite's aid, threatening if she refused to order the execution of her brother Armand still in Paris. Marguerite, anguished at the thought of betraying the Scarlet Pimpernel, nevertheless gave her promise.

Later Chauvelin told Marguerite that not until he was on the trail of the Scarlet Pimpernel would he send her the letter he held against her brother. Marguerite told her husband how worried she was about Armand. She longed to confide more in him but pride forbade it.

That night, Percy left unexpectedly, to be back in a week.

Next morning Marguerite happened to wander into his study and picked up a small ring she saw lying there. The ring bore the seal of the small wayside flower—the Scarlet Pimpernel—the signature of the daring rescuer! A short while later a letter came for her—the letter of Armand's sent by Chauvelin! This meant Chauvelin was on the trail of the Scarlet Pimpernel! Now it all came to her! The ring in the study, Percy leaving unexpectedly, her brother in need of rescue! Percy her husband—the Scarlet Pimpernel—were one and the same!

Now he was in danger! Through her hand! Chauvelin was on his trail. He might die without ever having known that she loved him!

Marguerite went at once to Percy's closest friend Sir Andrew Foulkes. Together they crossed to France to find Percy and warn him. Foulkes directed her to an inn where he knew Percy would stay. Then he went out for a walk to try and find Percy while Marguerite stayed in a room upstairs where she could see and not be seen. Soon she saw Chauvelin enter disguised as a cure, accompanied by Desgas, and heard him give orders.

In a few minutes Desgas was to return with some men and capture the Scarlet Pimpernel, who would then be here. No sooner had Desgas left than Percy elegantly dressed as usual, entered the inn. Percy saw through Chauvelin's disguise at once, but said nothing. He slipped some pepper into his snuff box and offered Chauvelin a pinch of snuff. Chauvelin accepted. When the soldiers arrived two minutes later, the Scarlet Pimpernel was gone!

An old man was brought in

who said that the Englishman had approached him about renting a cart but had taken a rival's instead. He knew the Englishman's destination and would show it to them if paid for his trouble. Chauvelin's bargain was that if they overtook the Englishman in the other cart he would pay the man 10 gold coins but if not he would flog him within an inch of his life!

The procession started out. Marguerite followed stealthily along the grass at the side of the road. The hut came into view. Marguerite thought of her husband and brother within. She screamed a warning to them. Chauvelin's hand closed over her mouth and she fell to the ground, senseless.

But Chauvelin was doomed to disappointment—the hut was empty. The Scarlet Pimpernel had found a way to outwit him! Chauvelin vented his rage on the terrified cartman who was beaten with heavy leather straps until he fell unconscious. The party moved on leaving Marguerite and the man helpless.

When Marguerite opened her eyes she was amazed to hear a definitely British voice. But there was no one here but this Frenchman. Percy—disguised as the old man! She ran to him and latched his ropes. Both were bruised and aching but extremely happy. Marguerite could not walk so Percy carried her to the "Day Dream," favorite schooner of the Scarlet Pimpernel.

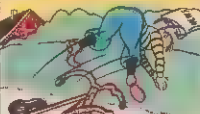


HOW A BRAND-NEW BIKE CAME TO "NEWSY" MIKE

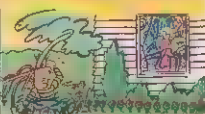
AND WHO WAS NAMED MICHAEL PAPERS, ROODE & S B KE WHEN DELIVERING PAPERS WHEN HE WANTED TO STOP HE WOULD FREQUENTLY FLOP—THOUGH HE HAD A FEW OTHER CHOICE CAPERS



MIKE'S BIKE REALLY RATED A KENSION, SINCE IT HADN'T A BRAKE FIT TO MENTION BUT H'S FOOT ON THE WHEEL WITH A SCRAPE AND A SQUEAL—MADE HIM STOP—LIKE A ROCKET ASCENSION!



CAN YOU BLAME US GROWN-UPS WHO GOT NERVOUS, AT MIKE'S MOST ASTONISHING NO SERV'CE? WHY OUR TREES AND OUR POSTS, WOULD STOP MOST OF HIS COASTS, WITH CRASHES THAT GREATLY UN-NERVED US



MIKE'S DAD WHEN HE HEARD OF THIS RUCTION, PHONED THE BIKE STORE TH'S EED-HOT INSTRUCTION "RUSH OUT A NEW B KE ANY GOOD MAKE YOU L KE—ONLY HURRY BEFORE MIKE'S DESTRUCTION!"



"AND MAKE SURE THAT 'S BRAKE S A MORROW, 'OR I'LL SEND IT RIGHT BACK TO YOUR SORROW "THE MORROW'S BROUGHT JOY "SINCE WHEN I WAS A BOY "BEST BRAKE YOU CAN BUY BEG, OR BORROW!"



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OVER THE FOLLOWING STATIONS

Monday, Wednesday,
and Friday

WOR New York 5:15-5:30
WHAM Rochester 5:15-5:30
WGR Buffalo 6:00-6:15
WGBI Scranton 5:00-5:15
WJAR Providence 6:15-6:30
WGY Schenectady 6:15-6:30

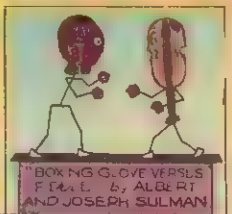
WBZ Boston 5:00-5:15
WBZA Springfield 5:00-5:15
KHJ Los Angeles 6:00-6:15

Tuesday, Thursday,
and Saturday

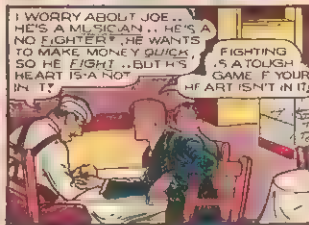
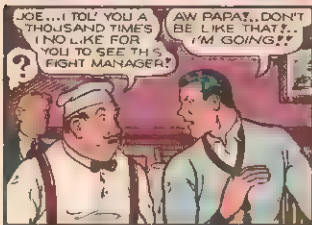
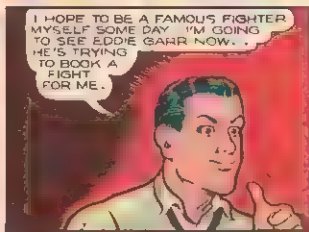
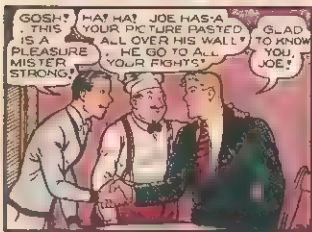
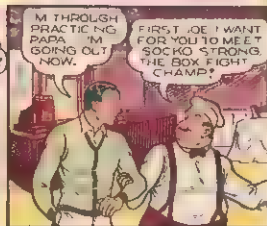
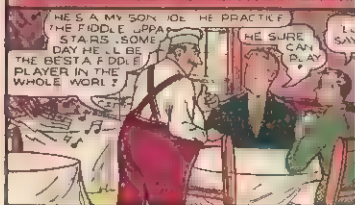
WFBL Syracuse 6:15-6:30
WTIC Hartford 6:30-6:45
WCAU Philadelphia 6:15-6:30

WATCH YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR ALL THE LATEST ON

SOCKO STRONG



SCENE: PAPA MANTEAS' ITALIAN RESTAURANT.



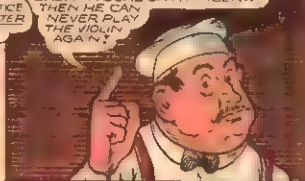
THAT'S WHAT I TELL A JOE... YOU LIKE A MUSIC? PRACTICE! BUT JOE SAY HE FIGHT A NOW TO MAKE MONEY QUICK...

HE SAY HE PRACTICE LATER, BAH! LATER WILL BE TOO LATE!



WHEN JOE FIGHT IT MAKE A H'S HANDS ROUGH AND TOUGH! MAYBE HE BREAK A BONE OR A FINGER..

THEN HE CAN NEVER PLAY THE VIOLIN AGAIN!



GOOD NIGHT MISTER MANETTA

DON'T WORRY ABOUT JOE... EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT ALL RIGHT!

HOPE A SO!



THERE'S A NEW CHAP SPARRING IN THE RING HE SURE IS TAKING AN AWFUL BEATING... WHY.. IT'S JOE MANETTA!

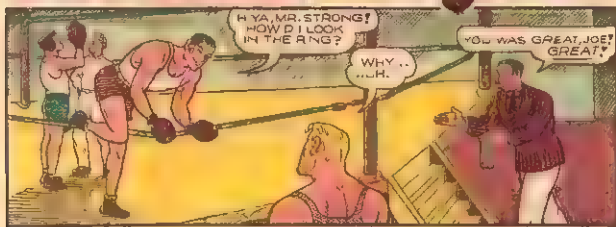
GO
NEXT DAY, SCENE: HILLMAN'S GYM.



H YA, MR. STRONG! HOW'D I LOOK IN THE RING?

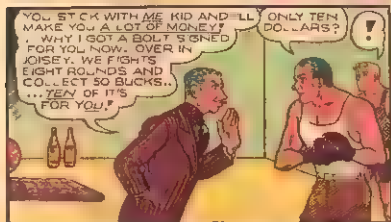
WHY... UH..

YOU WAS GREAT, JOE! GREAT!

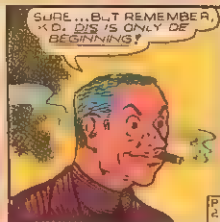


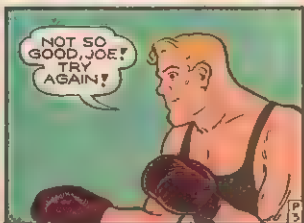
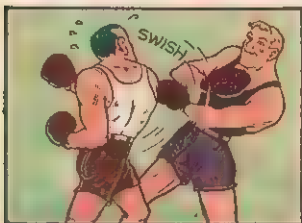
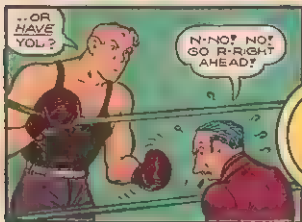
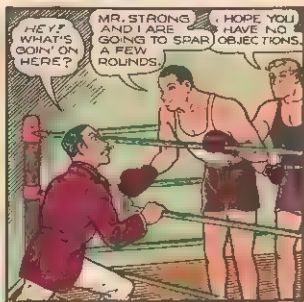
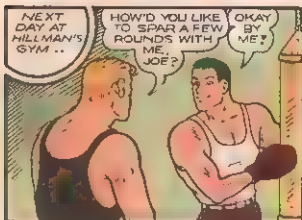
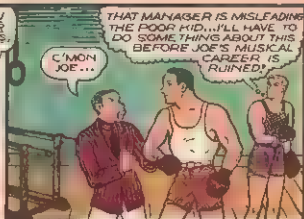
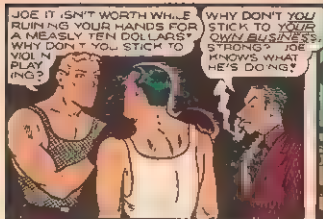
YOU STUCK WITH ME KID AND I'LL MAKE YOU A LOT OF MONEY! WHY I GOT A BOLT SIGNED FOR YOU NOW. OVER IN JOISEY. WE FIGHTS EIGHT ROUNDS AND COLLECT 50 BUCKS... TEN OF IT'S FOR YOU!

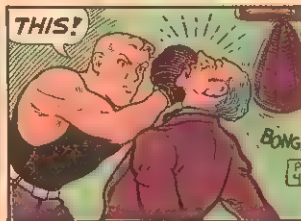
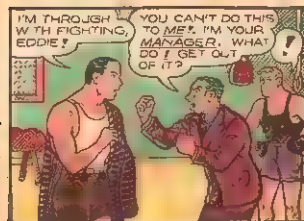
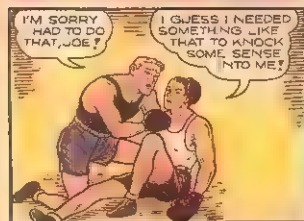
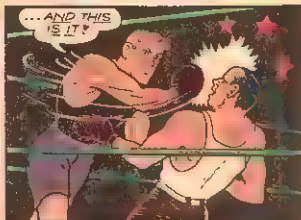
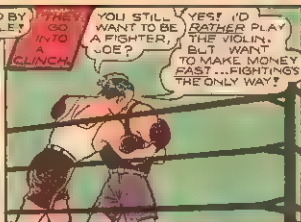
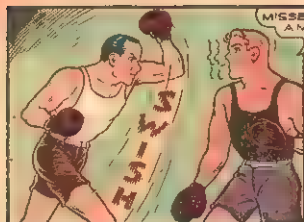
ONLY TEN DOLLARS?

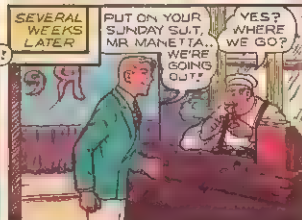
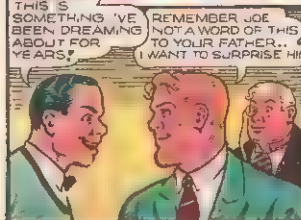
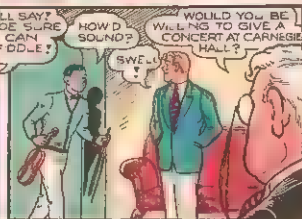
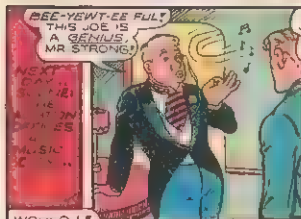
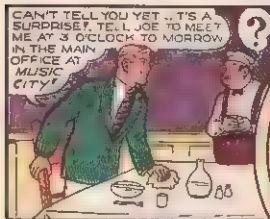
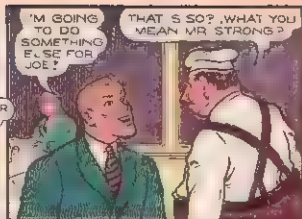
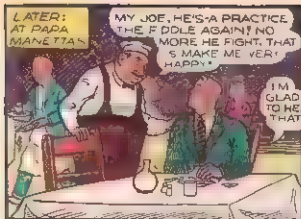


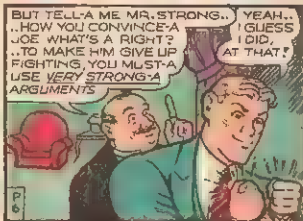
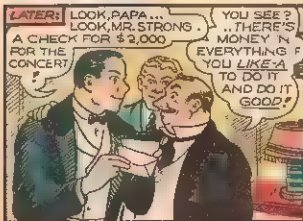
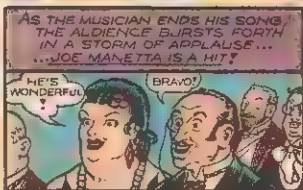
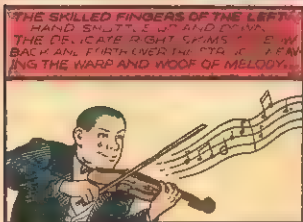
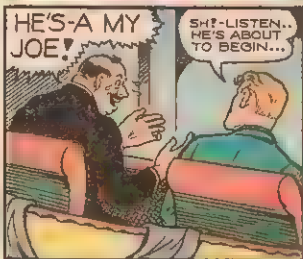
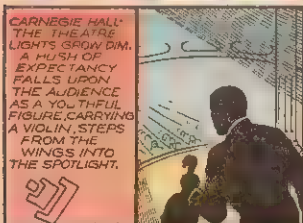
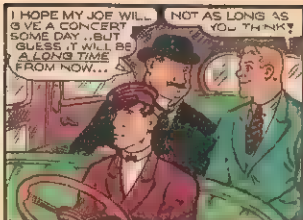
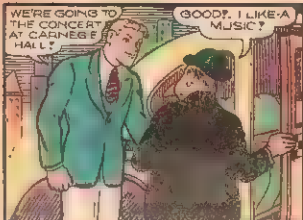
SURE... BUT REMEMBER, KID. DIS IS ONLY DE BEGINNING!













DEAD RECKONING

By
Tex Horton



SHERIFF GARRET studied the lean tanned and weather-beaten face of the young man who sat opposite him. For a few moments he said nothing. Then he arose, walked over to the window. Finally he spoke. "I suppose Uncle Sam knows what he's doing, but I tell you that in addition to being one of the toughest towns in the West, Tombstone is the one place where no one ever talks."

Garret faced the visitor. "And if the gang you're after ever finds out you are Jeff Tyler, a United States Marshal, then I wouldn't give a plugged nickel for your chances. Any more than I would right now if they knew what you were after."

Jeff Tyler grinned. "Thanks, Sheriff," he said dryly. "But I don't intend to let them find out. Not before I discover who's selling guns to the Indians and how they get them out of Tombstone. Or, what's more important, how they even get them in here."

The Sheriff shrugged. "You know what law and order is here. I try to keep peace, arrest a few, and the first thing I know, I'm in bad with the Mayor." Garret grimaced. "I wish he'd have stuck to his undertaking business instead of going into politics. Just you wait until you meet him."

Tyler laughed. "Look, Garret. I'm not going to meet him. Not professionally. For the present, you are the only one I trust in Tombstone. And if I hadn't known you when you drew I in the service, you wouldn't be trusted, either."

He held out his hand. "Wish me luck, Sheriff. I'm gonna look around."

The men shook hands. Twenty minutes later Tyler walked into the Silver Dollar, most boisterous cafe in town. And the biggest. The place was thronged with cowboys, Mexicans and drifters. Its reputation was of the worst.

Tyler ordered a soft drink and looked around the room. Night had fallen and the place was doing its usual good business at that time. In one corner of the room, a crowd watched a poker game in progress.

The crowd attracted Tyler. He started over. Suddenly, there was a loud oath high above the crowd. A Mexican was yelling excitedly at a tall man in a frock coat. "You cheat! I see you cheat." The Mexican pointed to a card in the tall man's boot.

The tall man colored. Then, angrily he said, "You're a liar."

The Mexican reached inside his coat. Before he could draw out whatever he sought the tall man, a cruel expression on his face, drew his gun swiftly out of his holster and fired. The Mexican fell at his feet.

Anger blazed through Tyler. It was a cold-blooded killing. He bent over the Mexican as the crowd stared. The man was dead. Tyler looked up. The tall man was staring at him. "He was reaching for a handkerchief, not a gun, when you drew," Tyler said. "He never had a chance." His eyes

bored into those of the tall man.

The man still stared. "Stranger in town, aren't you?" His gun was in his hand.

"Yes," Tyler said. "I got in to-day."

"Then," the tall man said, evenly, "I'd advise you to get out tonight." He grinned. "Unless you want to be a corpse, too. Anyone here can tell you the greaser drew first." He turned to the crowd. "Right boys?"

A chorus greeted him. "Right, Mayor. That's right. And you can bury him too."

The Mayor, Tim, looked at him. So this was Mayor Kennedy, who was also the town undertaker. Pretending to be afraid, Tim said, "Gosh, I'm sorry mister. I didn't know you were so important. Sure, he drew first. I saw him."

Kennedy laughed. "Ah, that's better. Now maybe you can stick around. Only keep your mouth shut." He shouted to the crowd. "Have a drink, boys. I'll haul this corpse out. See you later after I fit him for a coffin. I got coming in tonight."

Jeff Tyler went to the bar. A talkative stranger was alongside him. The man introduced himself, then said, "You're shore lucky, pardner, that the Mayor didn't get sore. That's the third man he's killed in three days. Guess he'll bury the other two in Boot Hill now that the coffins have come in." He looked out the door. "That's them now." Tim's eyes followed the man's finger. A wagon rumbled

NOW GET BUSY AND WIN ALL PLEASURE
 The offer is for the winner, \$400.00 for first prize, \$250.00 for second prize and five \$50.00 prizes. For promptness an additional \$25.00 will be added to the winner. This contest closes April 15, 1946, but keep your number in entry as you can qualify for the promptness prize. Don't miss a game of this year's contest. It's a \$400.00 chance. Right now! Write your name and number on the back of the letter and mail to: **SHADE**. There you have it. Get your pencil and rush it in to
SCRAMBLED HOUSEHOLD WORDS, DEPT. CM 2208 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

STEVE CONRAD ADVENTURER

BY JACK LEHTI

WELL, CHANG,
I'M OFF TO
SEE THE ADMIRALTY!



THE ADMIRALTY
OFFICE ASKED
ME TO STOP IN—
MY NAME IS
STEVE CONRAD!



AH, QUITE SO, SIR
JUST STOP RIGHT
INSIDE, SIR, YOU'RE
EXPECTED, SIR!



GOOD AFTERNOON
COMMANDER, IS
THERE SOMETHING
I CAN DO FOR YOU?



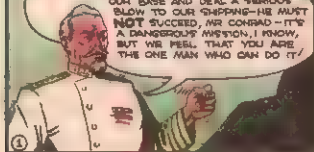
THERE'S JOEY WELLS IS, MR CONRAD—
SIT DOWN AND LET ME EXPLAIN—
THE REASON WE SENT FOR YOU IS
BECAUSE YOU ARE VERY FAMILIAR
WITH THE SOUTH SEAS AND THAT
IS WHERE OUR TROUBLE IS—AS
YOU NO DOUBT REALIZE,
WE HAVE A SUPPLY BASE
AND FUELING STATION AT
ONE OF OUR OUTERMOST
SOUTH SEA ISLANDS—



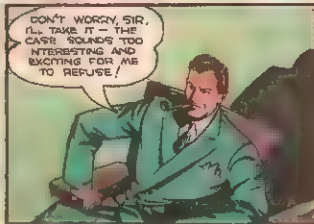
ALL OUR MERCHANT SHIPS STOP THERE FOR REFUELING
ON THEIR LONG TRIPS—SO YOU CAN SEE THAT IT
IS NECESSARY THAT WE ALWAYS HAVE CONTROL OF
THE ISLAND UP TILL NOW WE'VE HAD NO TROUBLE FROM
THE NATIVES—THERE ARE TWO TRIBES ON THE ISLAND
AND THEY ARE ALWAYS FIGHTING EACH OTHER SO THAT
THEY HAVE NEVER HAD TIME TO BOTHER WITH OUR
SUPPLY BASES, BUT—

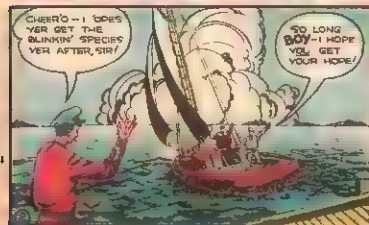
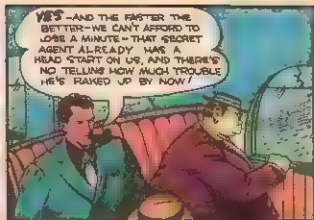
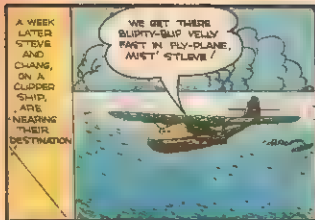


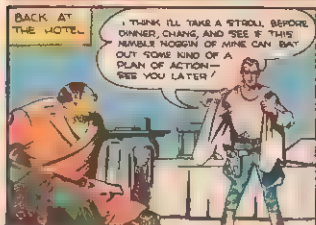
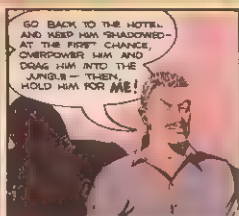
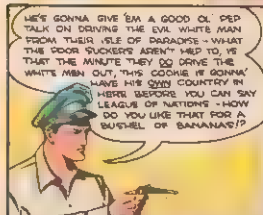
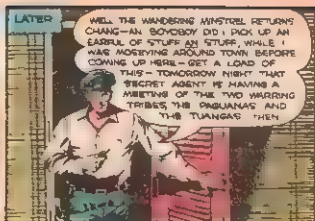
—JUST RECENTLY, WE'VE RECEIVED NEWS
THAT ONE OF OUR ENEMY'S SECRET AGENTS
IS TRYING TO UNITE THE TWO TRIBES IN
PEACE—IF HE SUCCEEDS, BOTH TRIBES
TOGETHER COULD JOEY WELL DESTROY
OUR BASE AND DEAL A SERIOUS
BLOW TO OUR SHIPPING—HE MUST
NOT SUCCEED, MR CONRAD—IT'S
A DANGEROUS MISSION, I KNOW,
BUT WE FEEL THAT YOU ARE
THE ONE MAN WHO CAN DO IT!

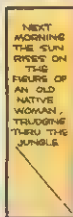
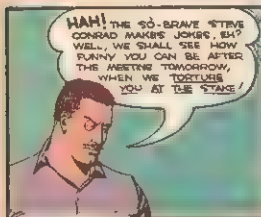


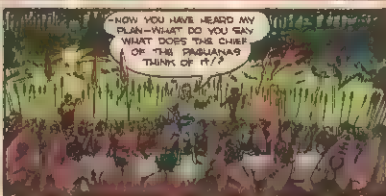
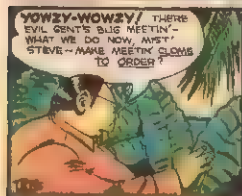
DON'T WORRY, SIR.
I'LL TAKE IT—THE
CASE SOUNDS TOO
INTERESTING AND
EXCITING FOR ME
TO REFUSE!

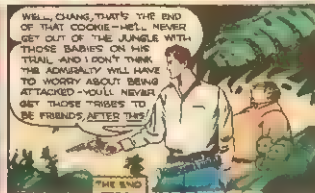
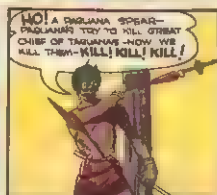
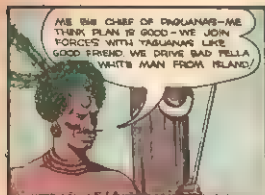


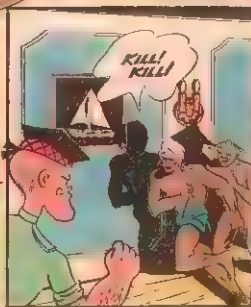
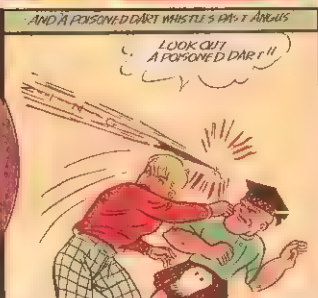
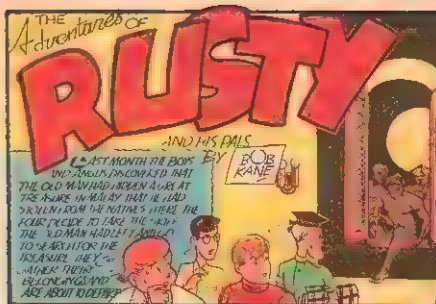


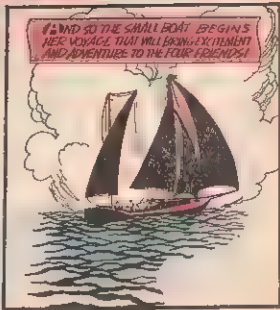
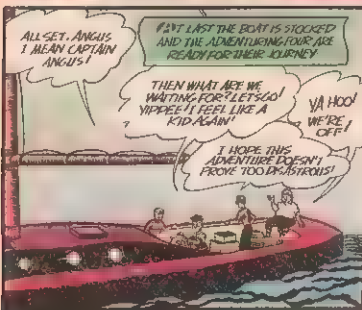
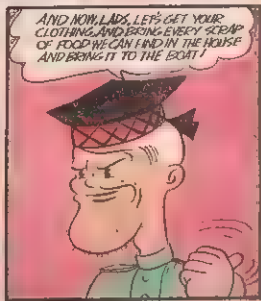
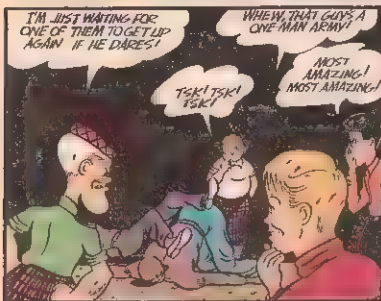
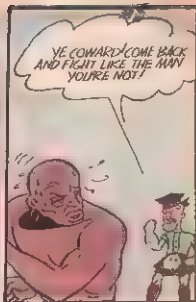


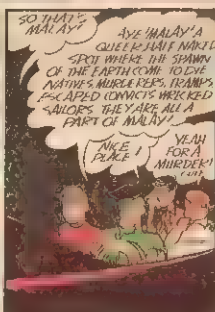
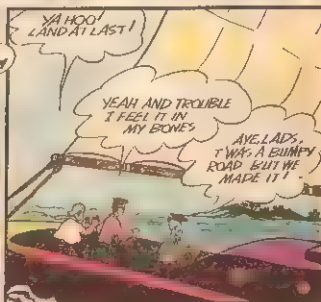
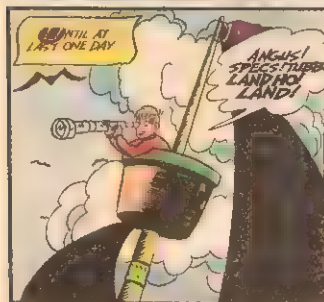
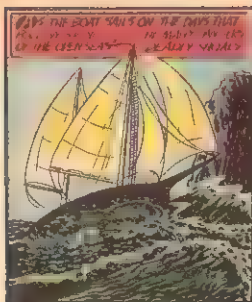


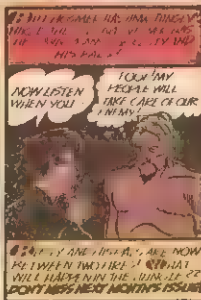
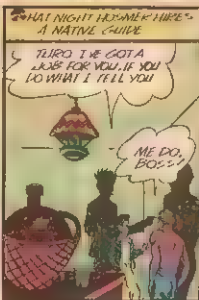
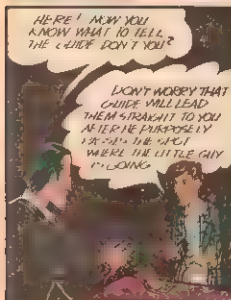
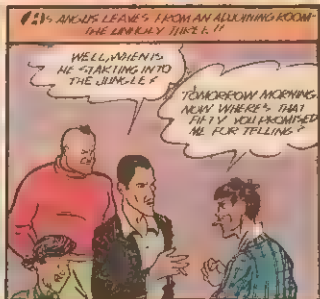
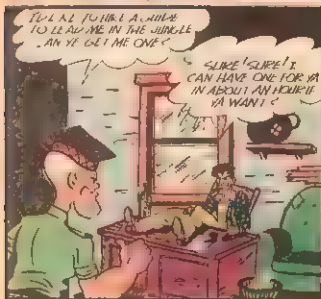
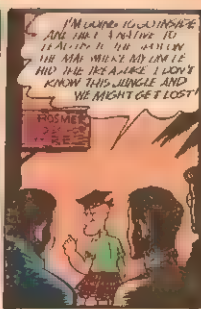
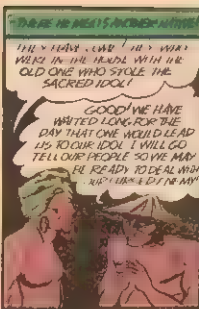












ANCHORS AWEIGH!

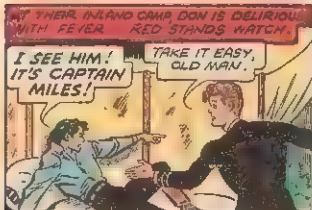
ON AN ISLAND NEAR THE PHILIPPINES DON AND RED ARE SEARCHING FOR CAPTAIN MILES OF THE U.S. NAVY, MILES DISAPPEARED WHILE HUNTING ON THIS ISLAND SEVERAL YEARS AGO.

by BART TUMEY.

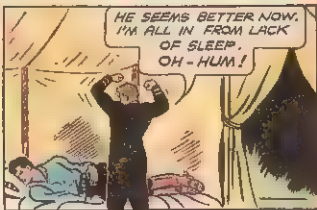
AT THEIR INLAND CAMP, DON IS DELIRIOUS WITH FEVER. RED STANDS WATCH.

I SEE HIM!
IT'S CAPTAIN
MILES!

TAKE IT EASY,
OLD MAN.



HE SEEMS BETTER NOW.
I'M ALL IN FROM LACK
OF SLEEP.
OH-HUM!



RED AWAKENS
SOME TIME
LATER

DON!
COME
BACK!

THEY'RE CARRYING HIM OFF!
I'M COMING, CAPTAIN!



HOLY SMOKE! HE'S CRAZY AS A LOON
WITH THAT FEVER AND THERE HE
GOES ON OUR ONLY HORSE!



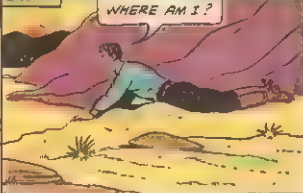
DON FALLS FORWARD UNCONSCIOUS. HIS
SPURS RAKE THE FLANKS OF HIS HORSE
WITH EACH JUMP



MILES FROM CAMP, THE EXHAUSTED HORSE STUMBLES AND FALLS INTO A SAND PIT.



THE HEAT OF THE RISING SUN REVIVES DON.



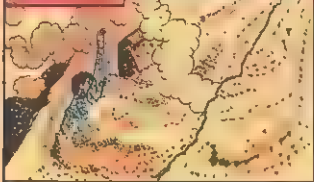
I REMEMBER SOME SORT OF WILD RIDE..
ANYWAY, MY FEVER IS GONE



THIS SAND PIT SEEMS TO BE MAN MADE.
I WONDER IF I CAN CLIMB OUT?



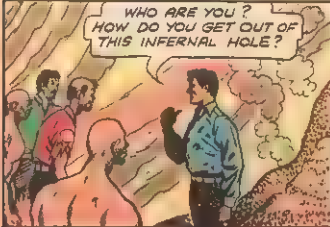
THE LOOSE SAND COMES DOWN IN AN
AVALANCHE.



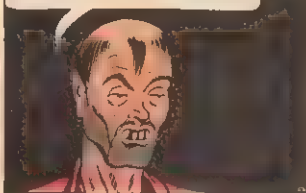
FROM CRUDE DUGOUTS COME A NUMBER
OF STARVED WRETCHES.



WHO ARE YOU?
HOW DO YOU GET OUT OF
THIS INFERNAL HOLE?



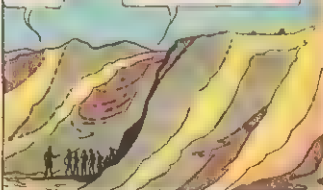
NO ONE EVER ESCAPES FROM HERE.
WE ARE POLITICAL PRISONERS



THERE MUST BE GUARDS!
YES THEY SHOOT ANYONE WHO COMES NEAR... BUT WE NEVER SEE THEM



HOW DO YOU LIVE?
ONCE IN A WHILE THEY THROW FOOD OVER THE SIDE



THIS LONG PIT RUNS TO THE RIVER. I'M GOING TO SWIM OUT TO THAT BOAT!



I'M SINKING! THIS IS QUICKSAND! **HELP!**



THEY'RE SHOOTING AT ME!



WHEW! ANYONE WHO ESCAPES THE QUICKSAND WOULD BE SHOT BY THE GUARDS IN THAT BOAT!



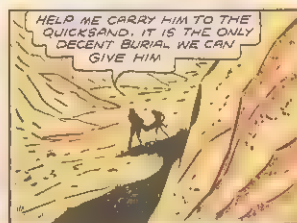
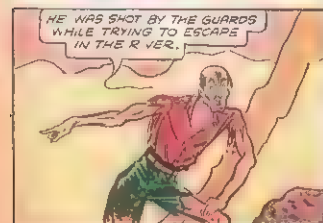
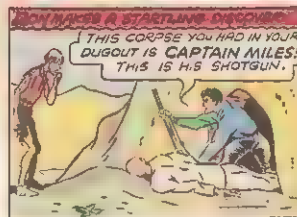
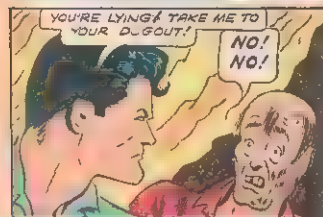
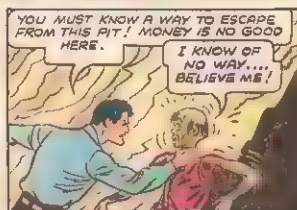
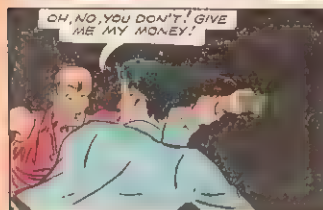
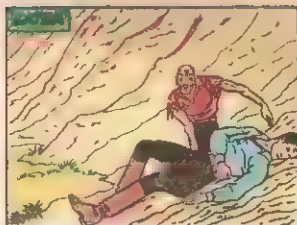
WHAT'S THAT?
THEY'RE KILLING MY HORSE!

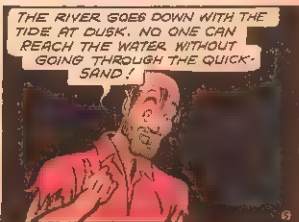
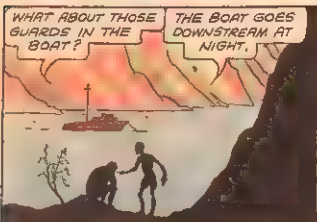
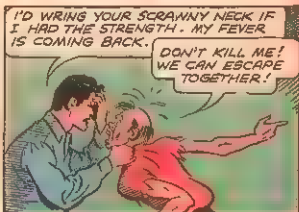
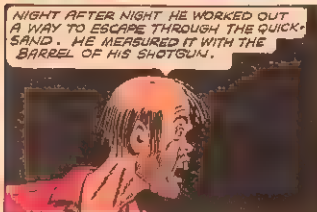
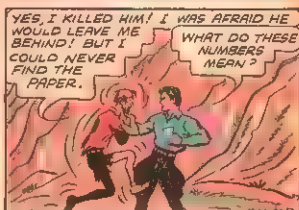
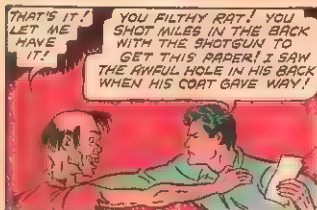
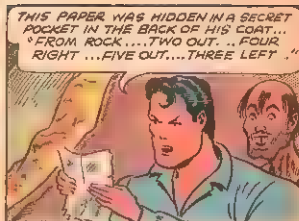
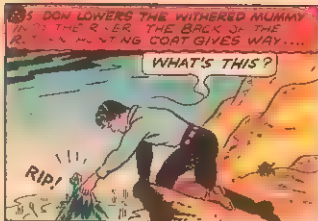
YOU DIRTY HYENAS! I'LL WHIP THE BUNCH OF YOU!

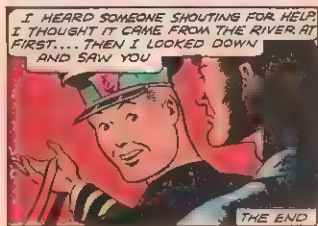
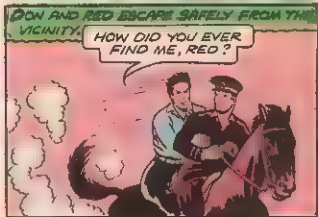
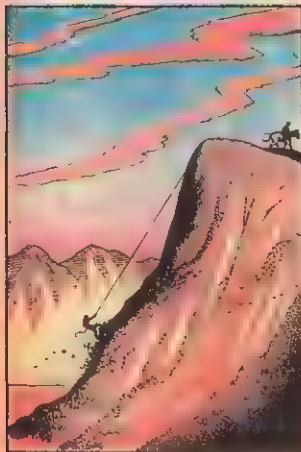
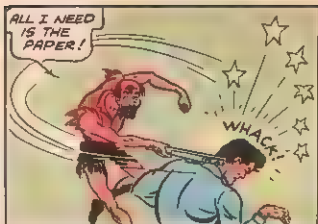
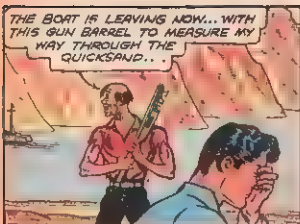


BUT.....THESE POOR DEVILS ARE STARVED FOR FOOD..... I'M GETTING DARNED HUNGRY MYSELF.





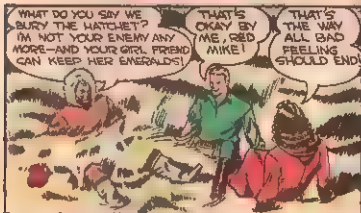


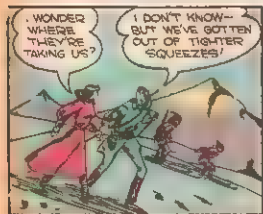
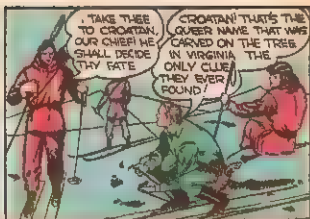
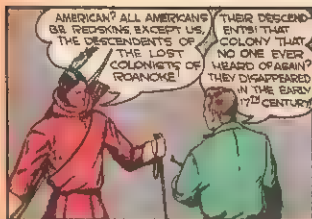


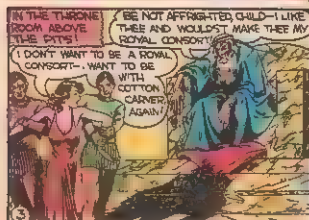
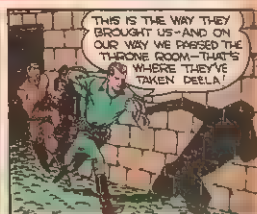
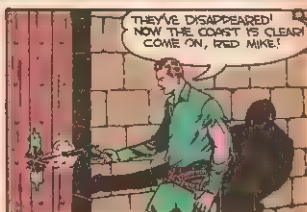
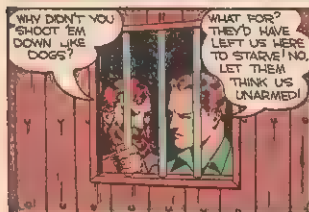
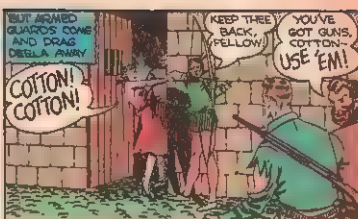
COTTON CARVER

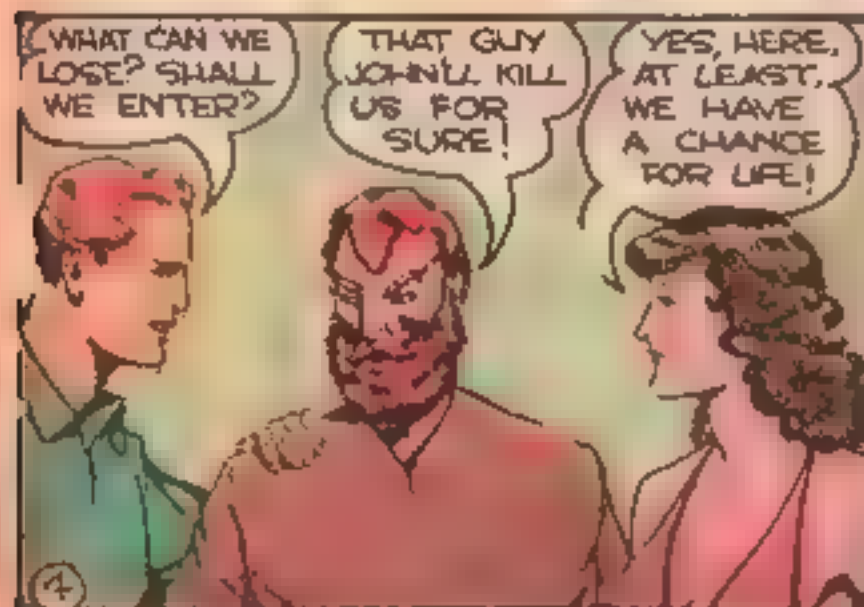
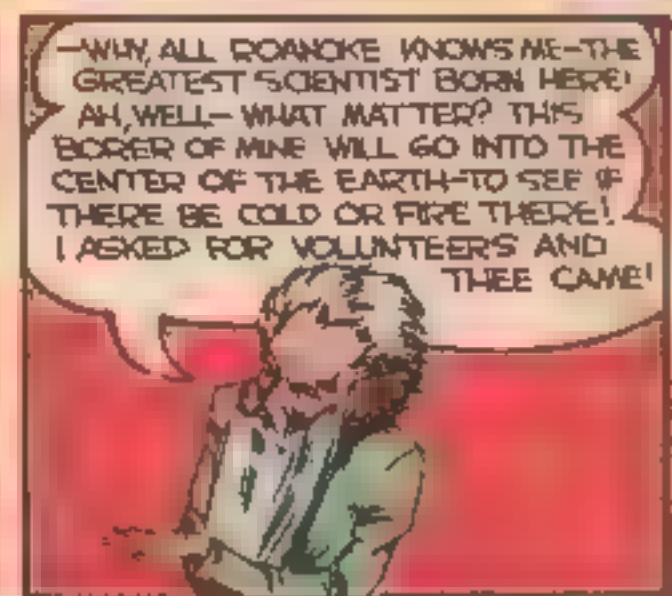
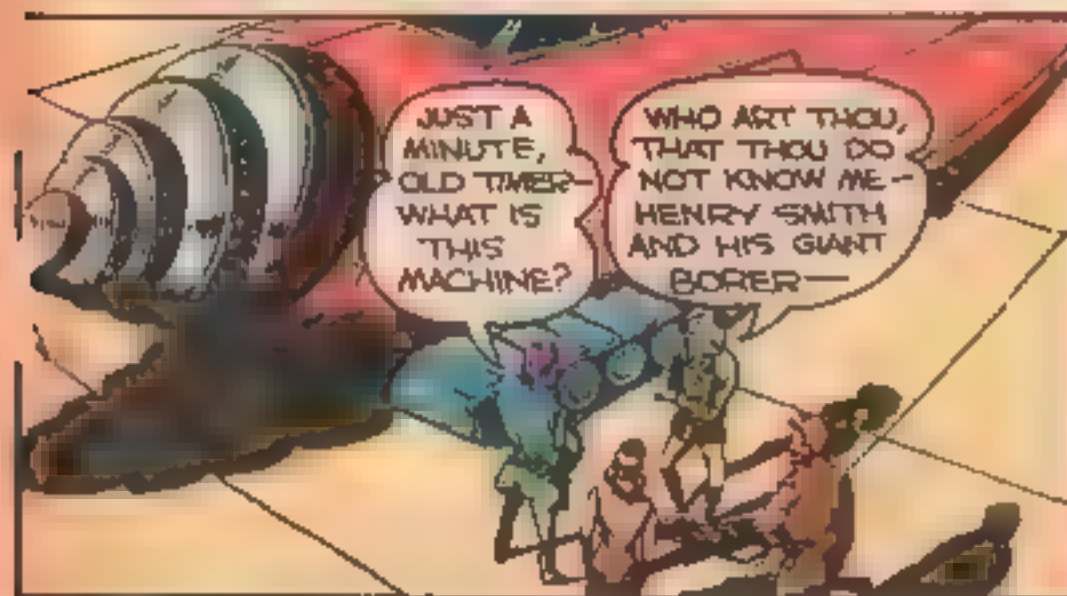
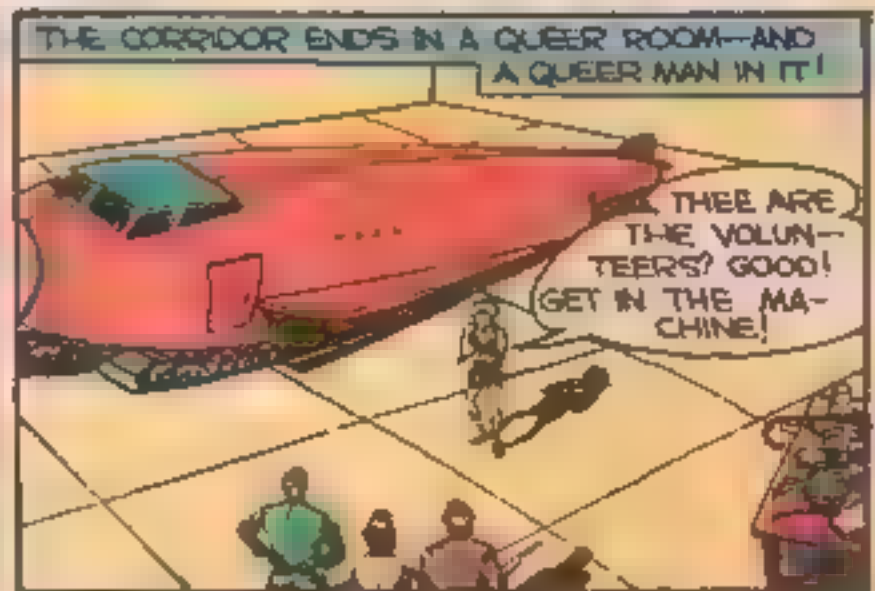
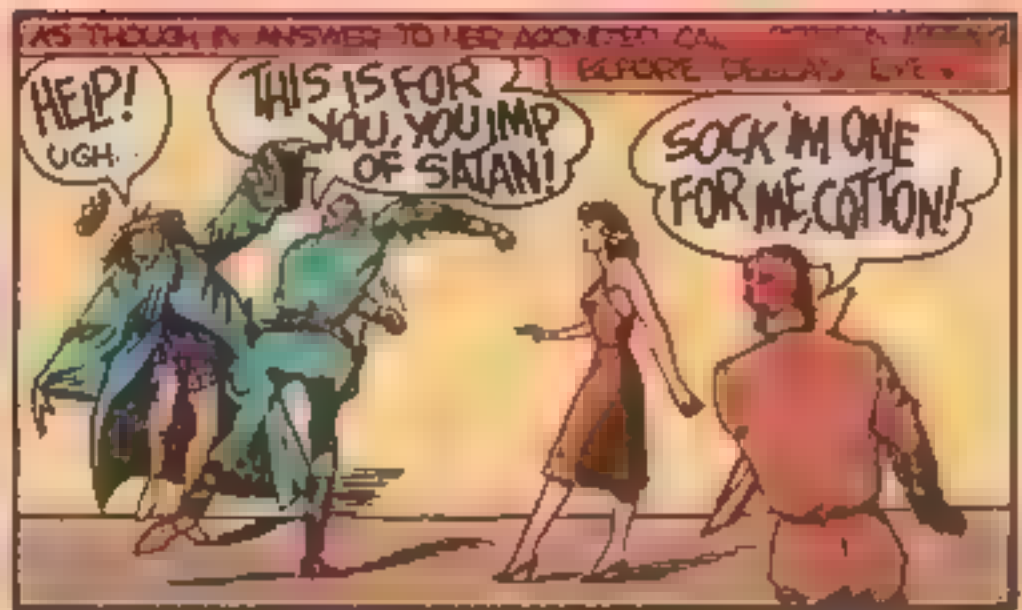
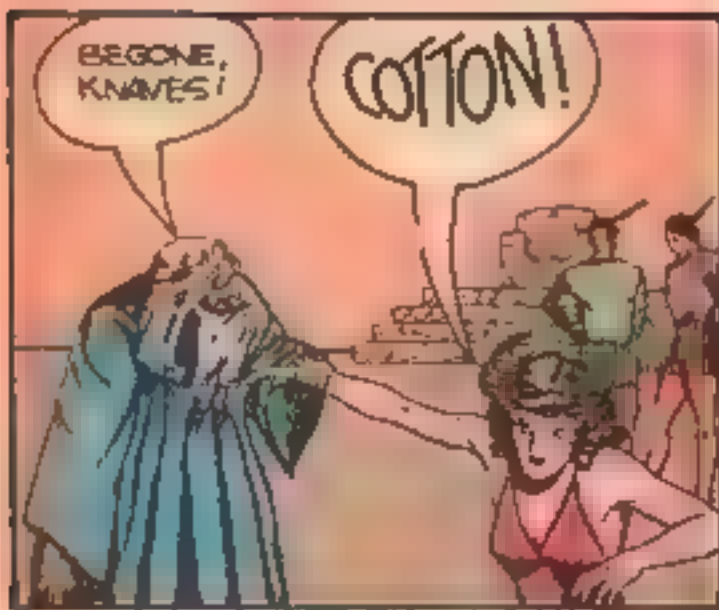
IN THE CITY OF GLASS

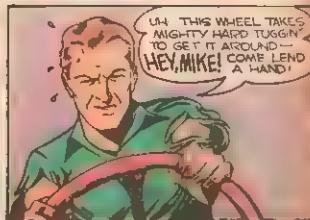
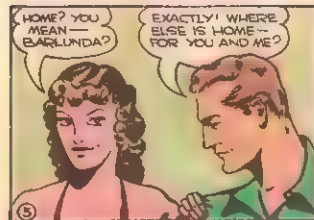
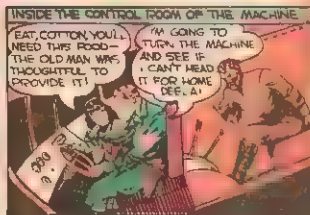
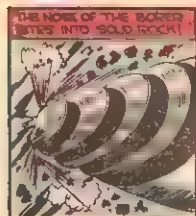
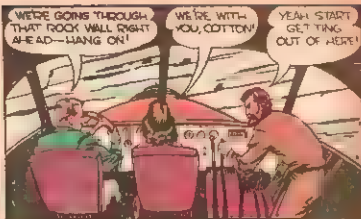
COTTON CARVER AND DEELA, PRINCESS OF EARLINDA, HAVE FOUND AN EXIT TO THE EARTH'S SURFACE THRU A VOLCANO SET UPON BY AN EVIL EXPLORER, FOR DEELA'S EMERALDS, RED MIKE, THE THREE ARE CAUGHT BY AN EARTHQUAKE—AND DROP THRU A YAWNING CHASM IN THE EARTH!

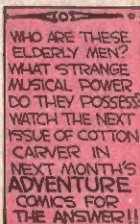
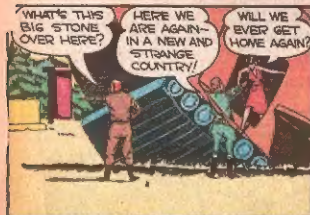












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